

THE SILVER TORCH SERIES

No. 22

THE STORY OF  
PINOCCHIO

*Lagomarchi*  
*T. S. 48*  
C. COLLODI

(Abridged)

*Anne*



COLLINS CLEAR-TYPE PRESS

First Edition      August, 1939  
Second „          May, 1941  
Third „          December, 1941

*Printed in Great Britain at  
the Press of the Publishers,  
Cathedral Street, Glasgow.*

34846

8301

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*"Catch him! Catch him!" cried Geppetto (page 9).*

# PINOCCHIO

## I.—A STRANGE PIECE OF WOOD

ONCE upon a time there was a piece of wood. It happened to be in the shop of an old carpenter whose name was Mr. Antonio, but every one called him Mr. Cherry, because the end of his nose was always red and shiny like a ripe cherry.

As soon as Mr. Cherry saw this piece of wood, he said to himself, "This is just what I want to make a leg for my little table."

Without losing a moment, he took his sharp hatchet, and was going to strip off the bark and trim it into shape. But just as he raised the hatchet, he paused, for he heard a tiny voice which said warningly: "Don't strike me too hard!"

He glanced around the shop to see where that little voice could have come from, but he saw no one. He looked under his bench. No one.

"I see," he said at last. "I must have imagined that little voice. Let us get to work."

He took up his hatchet again, and down it came on the piece of wood.

"Oh, you hurt me!" whimpered that same voice.

This time Mr. Cherry was thunderstruck.

"But where did that little voice come from that cried, 'Oh!'? Can it be that this piece of wood has learned to cry and complain like a baby? I can't believe it. It's just a piece of firewood."

Taking up his plane, he began to plane and shape the piece of wood. But he heard again that little voice which said, laughing:

"Stop! You're tickling me!"

This time Mr. Cherry stopped as if struck by lightning. When he opened his eyes he was sitting on the floor.

At that moment someone rapped on the door.

"Come in," said the carpenter.

A little, lively old man walked into the shop. His name was Geppetto, but when the boys in the neighbourhood wanted to tease him, they called him by his nickname of Polendina, on account of his yellow wig, which looked very much like a dish of polenta, which is like porridge.

"Good-morning,, Mr. Antonio," said Geppetto, "what are you doing down there?"

"I am teaching the ants their letters. What brought you here, Mr. Geppetto?"

"My legs. I have come to ask a favour of you."

"Here I am, ready to serve you."

"I thought I would make a fine wooden marionette, that could dance, and fence, and turn somersaults."

"Bravo, Polendina!" cried the little voice.

When he heard himself called Polendina, Mr. Geppetto became so angry that he turned as red as a ripe pepper-pod. He whirled on the carpenter, and said in a rage:

"You called me Polendina!"

"No, indeed I didn't!"

And, getting more and more excited, from words they came to blows.

At the end of the combat Mr. Antonio found Geppetto's yellow wig in his hands, and Geppetto had the carpenter's grey wig between his teeth.

"Give me my wig," said Mr. Antonio.

"And you give me mine, and let us make a treaty of peace."

So the two little old men shook hands.

"Now, neighbour Geppetto," said the carpenter, "what is it that I can do for you?"

"I would like a little piece of wood to make my marionette. Will you give it to me?"

Mr. Antonio went quickly to his bench, and took the piece of wood which had given him such a fright.

## 2.—PINOCCHIO IS BORN

As soon as he came home, Geppetto took his tools and began to carve his marionette.

"What shall I call him?" he said to himself. "I think I will call him Pinocchio."

When he had thought of a name for his marionette, he set to work with a will. He made his hair, and his forehead, and his eyes.

As soon as the eyes were finished, imagine his amazement when he saw them move.

When Geppetto saw those two wooden eyes

watching him, he said crossly: "Naughty wooden eyes, why are you looking at me?" But no one answered.

After the eyes, he made the nose; but as soon as it was finished, it began to grow.

Poor Geppetto worked fast to shorten it, but the more he pared it down and cut it off, the longer that impertinent nose became.

After the nose he made the mouth; but before he had finished with it, it began to laugh.

"Stop laughing!" he shouted. The mouth stopped laughing, and stuck out its tongue. After the mouth he made the chin, then the neck, the shoulders, the stomach, the arms, and the hands.

The moment the hands were finished, Geppetto's wig was snatched from his head.

"Pinocchio! Give me back my wig!"

But Pinocchio, instead of returning the wig, put it on his own head.

This insolent, mocking behaviour made Geppetto feel sadder than ever before in all his life. He turned to Pinocchio and said:

"You rogue of a son! You are not yet finished, and you begin to disobey your father!

There were still the legs and feet to make.

When Geppetto had finished the feet, a kick landed on his nose.

"It serves me right," he said to himself. "I should have thought of that before!"

He took the marionette in his two hands and placed him on the floor to see if he could walk; but Pinocchio's legs were stiff. So Geppetto took him by the hand and showed him how to put one foot before the other. When the stiffness was out of his legs, Pinocchio began to walk alone, and run around the room; and finally he slipped out of the door.

Poor old Geppetto ran after him as fast as he could, but he could not catch him.

"Catch him! Catch him!" cried Geppetto; but when the people saw that wooden marionette running, they stared at him in amazement.

At last, by some lucky chance, a policeman appeared. When he heard such a clatter he planted himself in the middle of the street with his legs wide apart.

While Pinocchio was still a long way off he saw the policeman and decided to run between his legs, but he failed dismally.

The policeman, without moving from his position, picked him up neatly by the nose and returned him to Geppetto, who meant to pull his ears well to punish him for his naughtiness. But he had made him in such a hurry that he had forgotten his ears.

So he took him by the nape of his neck, and as they walked away he said, "Come along home. I will settle accounts with you!"

At this remark Pinocchio threw himself down

on the ground and refused to walk any farther. A crowd of idlers gathered around him.

"The poor marionette!" some of them exclaimed. "He is right in not wanting to go home! Who knows how dreadfully that bad Geppetto might beat him!"

And others added, "Geppetto *seems* like a good man, but he is a perfect tyrant with children."

In short, so much was said and done that the policeman let Pinocchio go, and decided to take poor Geppetto to prison. He was not able for the moment to say anything in his own defence, but cried like a calf, and as they walked towards the prison he sobbed:

"Wretched son! And to think that I worked so hard to make a fine marionette! But I deserve it. I ought to have known what would happen!"

### 3.—PINOCCHIO AND THE TALKING CRICKET

WHILE poor Geppetto was taken to prison, that scamp Pinocchio ran away home.

When he got home, he found the door ajar. Pushing it open, he went in, and locked it after him. Then he threw himself down on the floor with a great sigh of relief.

But the relief did not last long, for he heard something in the room saying: "Cri-cri-cri!"

Pinocchio turned and saw a large cricket crawling slowly up the wall.

"Who are you?"

"I am the Talking Cricket, and I have lived in this room for more than a hundred years."

"But to-day this is my room, and you will oblige me by going away."

"I shall not leave this place," replied the Cricket, "until I have told you a very unpleasant truth. Woe to those children who rebel against their parents. They will never be happy in this world."

"Sing away, Cricket; but to-morrow I am going to leave; for if I stay here I shall be sent to school and made to study."

"If you don't like to go to school, why don't you learn a trade?"

"Among all the trades in the world," retorted Pinocchio, "there is only one which really suits me."

"And what might that be?"

"To eat, drink, sleep, and amuse myself."

"Let me say for your information," said the Talking Cricket, "that those who follow that trade finish, almost always, in a hospital or a prison. Poor Pinocchio! I am sorry for you!"

"Why are you sorry for me?"

"Because you have a wooden head."

At these last words Pinocchio lost his temper entirely. He seized a mallet from the bench and threw it at the Cricket.

Perhaps he did not intend to hit him, but

unluckily the mallet struck him right on the head. The poor Cricket had only time to cry, "Cri-cricri," and there he was stretched out stiff.

It began to grow dark, and Pinocchio remembered that he had had nothing to eat.

He ran about the room and searched in every cupboard for a little bread, but he found nothing.

At last, in despair, he began to weep, saying: "The Talking Cricket was right. I did wrong to rebel against my father."

Suddenly in a pile of rubbish he saw something white and round that looked like an egg. Instantly he pounced upon it. It really was an egg.

"Now, how shall I cook it? Shall I make an omelette? No, the quickest way would be to poach it."

No sooner said than done. He set a little stew-pan over a brazier of lighted charcoal, put some water in it, and when the water began to boil, tac! he broke the egg-shell.

But instead of the yolk and white of an egg, a little chicken flew out gaily through the open window.

The poor marionette wept, and said:

"Yes, the Talking Cricket was right! If I hadn't run away from home, and if my father were only here, I should not now be dying of hunger."

His stomach felt emptier than ever, and since

he could find nothing to put into it, he thought he would go out in the hope of meeting someone who would give him a little bread.

#### 4.—PINOCCHIO LOSES HIS FEET

It was a bitterly cold night. The thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed.

Pinocchio was dreadfully afraid of thunder and lightning, but his hunger was greater than his fear, so he opened the door and hurried as fast as he could to the village.

But all was dark and silent. The shops were closed, the doors of the houses were closed, and there was not even a dog to be seen in the street.

However, Pinocchio gave a long ring at the door of one of the houses.

A lively old man with a nightcap on his head looked out of a window and shouted:

"What do you want at this hour?"

"Will you give me a piece of bread?"

"Wait! I'll be right back!" replied the old man.

In half a minute the window was opened again, and the same voice called: "Stand under the window, and hold up your cap!"

Pinocchio had never yet had a cap, but he stood under the window, and a great kettleful of water rained down upon him.

He went home wet as a drowned rat, and almost dead with fatigue and hunger. He could not

stand up any longer, and so he sat down, and put his wet, muddy feet on the warm brazier.

In this position he fell asleep, and while he was asleep his feet, which were of wood, caught fire and slowly burned away to ashes.

At last, at daybreak, he was roused by someone rapping on the door.

"Who is it?" he called.

"It is I!" replied a voice.

That voice was the voice of Geppetto.

Poor Pinocchio's eyes were still half-shut, and he had not noticed that his feet were burned away; so when he heard his father's voice he jumped down from his stool to run and draw the bolt, but after staggering a little he fell his full length on the floor.

"Open the door!" cried Geppetto.

"I can't, Daddy," replied the marionette.

"Why not?"

"Because someone has eaten my feet!"

"Open the door, I tell you!" cried Geppetto.

"Truly, I can't stand up. Oh, poor me! I shall have to walk on my knees all the rest of my life!"

Geppetto, thinking that all this lamenting was just another of the marionette's tricks, decided to end it at once and for all. He climbed up on the wall, and went in at the window.

At first he was furious, but when he saw his own Pinocchio lying on the floor, without any feet, his anger melted away. He took him up in

his arms, and said: "My dear little Pinocchio, how did your feet get burned away?"

"I don't know, Daddy, but believe me, it has been a dreadful night. It thundered and lightened, and I was so hungry."

Geppetto took three pears out of his pocket.

"These three pears were for my breakfast; but I gladly give them to you. Eat them."

### 5.—PINOCCHIO HAS NEW FEET

JUST as soon as the marionette had satisfied his hunger, he began to grumble because he wanted some new feet. In less than half an hour his feet were done. Then Geppetto said: "Shut your eyes and go to sleep."

Pinocchio shut his eyes, and pretended to go to sleep; and while he was pretending Geppetto melted some glue in an egg-shell, and fastened the feet in place.

As soon as the marionette felt that he had feet again, he jumped down from the table where he was lying and began to caper and dance around.

"Now, to show you how grateful I am," said Pinocchio, "I want to go right to school."

"What a good boy!"

"But if I am going to school I need some clothes."

Geppetto was a poor man—he hadn't a penny in his pocket—so he made Pinocchio a suit out

of flowered paper, a pair of shoes out of bark, and a cap out of a soft piece of bread.

Pinocchio ran to look at himself in a basin full of water, and he was so pleased that he said as he strutted about: "I look just like a gentleman!"

"Yes, indeed," replied Geppetto, "but remember, it is not fine clothes that make a gentleman."

"Speaking of school," continued Pinocchio, "I have no primer."

"That's right. But how shall we get one?"

"Go to the bookshop and buy one."

"And the money."

"I haven't any."

"Neither have I," added the good old man sadly.

"Patience!" cried Geppetto, suddenly, and jumping up he put on his old fustian coat, and ran out of the house.

In a little while he was back again with a primer in his hand for his son; but the poor man was in his shirt-sleeves.

"Where is your coat, Daddy?"

"I have sold it."

"Why did you sell it?"

"It made me too warm."

Pinocchio understood instantly, and he was so overcome that he threw his arms around Geppetto's neck and kissed him.

6.—PINOCCHIO SELLS HIS PRIMER

PINOCCHIO took his fine new primer under his arm, and started for school.

He began saying to himself:

"At school to-day I will learn to read. To-morrow I will learn to write, and day after to-morrow I will learn arithmetic. Then I shall be so well educated that I can earn heaps of money."

While he was saying this, he heard the music of fife and drum in the distance.

He stopped and listened.

"What can that music be? What a shame that I have to go to school! If it weren't for that . . ."

He hesitated. "To-day I will listen to the fifes, and to-morrow I will go to school."

No sooner said than done. He ran down the street as fast as he could.

He found himself in a little square full of people who were crowding around a great, gaily-painted building of boards and cloth.

"What is that big building?" inquired Pinocchio, turning to a boy.

"Read the poster if you want to know."

"I would gladly read it, but I don't know how to read to-day."

"Bravo, simpleton! Then I'll read it for you."

"GREAT MARIONETTE THEATRE."

"How much does it cost to go in?"

"Twopence."

Pinocchio was so consumed with curiosity that without any shame he said to the boy:

"Will you give me twopence until to-morrow?"

"I would just love to," said the boy, laughing at him, "but I can't do it to-day."

"I will sell you my jacket for twopence."

"What would I do with a jacket of flowered paper?"

"Will you give me twopence for this new primer?"

"I am only a boy, and I do not buy things from other boys," said the other.

"I'll give you twopence for the primer," cried an old-clothes man who had overheard the conversation.

The book was sold instantly. And only to think that poor Geppetto was at home shivering in his shirt-sleeves, because he had sold his coat to buy that primer for his son!

#### 7.—PINOCCHIO AND THE MARIONETTES

WHEN Pinocchio entered the marionette theatre he nearly caused a riot.

Harlequin and Punchinello were on the stage.

The audience were paying the closest attention. They laughed until their sides were sore.

But all at once Harlequin stopped playing his

part, and, turning towards the public and pointing to the back of the theatre, he shouted:

"That is certainly Pinocchio back there!"

"Yes, it's really Pinocchio!" cried Punchinello.



*Pinocchio made a flying leap to the stage.*

"Here's Pinocchio!" shouted all the marionettes. "Here's our brother."

"Come up here to me, Pinocchio," cried Harlequin. "Come and throw yourself into the arms of your wooden brother!"

At this affectionate invitation Pinocchio made one jump from the back of the theatre to the front seats; another jump, and he landed on the head

of the orchestra leader, and from there he made a flying leap to the stage.

It is impossible to describe the hubbub which followed: the hugging and kissing which Pinocchio received from the actors and actresses of that puppet company.

But the audience became impatient and began to shout: "The play! Go on with the play!"

However, their breath was wasted, for the marionettes, placing Pinocchio on their shoulders, carried him in triumph down to the footlights.

Suddenly the puppet Showman appeared. He was very tall and ugly.

"Why have you come here to disturb my theatre?" he asked Pinocchio.

"Believe me, it was not my fault."

"Not another word! We will settle our accounts to-night."

As soon as the play was over, the Showman went into the kitchen, where a whole sheep which he was roasting for his supper was slowly turning on the spit. When he saw that there was not enough wood to finish cooking it, he called Harlequin and Punchinello and said:

"Bring me the marionette which you will find hanging on a nail. He is made of nice, dry wood."

At first, Harlequin and Punchinello hesitated; but the Showman glared at them menacingly, and they obeyed. In a few moments they returned to the kitchen carrying poor Pinocchio, who was

squirming like an eel out of water, and shrieking desperately: "Save me! I don't want to die!"

Fire-Eater (this was the Showman's name) appeared to be a frightful man, but when he saw poor Pinocchio struggling and screaming, "I don't want to die!" he began to feel sorry for him, and sneezed with all his might.

Harlequin had been looking as sorrowful as a weeping willow, but when he heard that sneeze his face grew brighter and, bending towards Pinocchio, he whispered:

"Good news, brother. The Showman has sneezed. That's a sign that he is sorry for you."

After the Showman had sneezed, he shouted at Pinocchio:

"Stop that crying! It gives me an uncomfortable feeling in the pit of my stomach. . . . I feel such a pain that . . . that . . . a-tchoo! a-tchoo!"

"Long life to you," said Pinocchio.

"Thank you. And your father and mother, are they still alive?" asked Fire-Eater.

"My father is, but I never knew my mother."

"How sorry your old father would be if I should throw you on the fire! A-tchoo! a-tchoo!"

"Long life to you!" cried Pinocchio.

"Thank you. On the other hand, you should be sorry for me, because, you see, I haven't wood enough to finish roasting my supper. But now

I have spared you, and I must make the best of it. I will put some marionette of my Company under the spit in your stead. Ola, police!"

Two wooden policemen appeared immediately.

"Take that Harlequin, bind him tightly and throw him on the fire."

Imagine poor Harlequin! He was so terrified that his legs doubled up under him.

At that melancholy sight Pinocchio threw himself at the Showman's feet and cried:

"Have mercy, Your Excellency!"

When he heard himself called "Your Excellency," the Showman said to Pinocchio:

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"I implore you to spare poor Harlequin!"

"If I spare you, I must put him on the fire."

"In that case," cried Pinocchio, rising to his feet, "I know my duty. Forward, police! Bind me and throw me in the fire. It is not just that poor Harlequin should die for me!"

These words caused all the marionettes who were present to weep.

At first Fire-Eater remained as hard and cold as a piece of ice: then, little by little, he began to melt, and to sneeze. When he had sneezed four or five times, he opened his arms affectionately to Pinocchio, saying: "You are a fine, brave boy! Your life is spared. This evening I must eat mutton half done."

When they knew that their brothers were safe,

all the marionettes ran back to the stage, lit all the lights as for a grand performance, and began to skip and dance.

# 8.—THE FIVE GOLD PIECES

THE next day Fire-Eater called Pinocchio aside and asked him: "What is your father's name?"

"Geppetto."

"And what trade does he follow?"

"That of a poor man."

"Poor fellow! Here are five gold pieces. Go quickly and give them to him."

As one can easily imagine, Pinocchio thanked the Showman a thousand times. One by one he embraced all the marionettes of the Company; then he set out for home.

But before he had travelled half a mile he met a Fox who was lame in one foot, and a Cat who was blind in both eyes. "Good-morning, Pinocchio," said the Fox.

"How is it that you know my name?"

"I know your father well."

"Where did you see him?"

"I saw him yesterday."

"And what was he doing?"

"He was in his shirt-sleeves, and trembling with cold."

"Poor Daddy! But, thank Heaven, from this day forth he shall tremble no more."

"Why not?"

"Because I have become a rich man."

"You? A rich man?" said the Fox, and he began to laugh. The Cat laughed, too.

"There's nothing to laugh at," cried Pinocchio. "I'm really sorry to tantalise you, but these are five beautiful gold pieces."

He took the money from his pocket. At the fascinating jingle of gold the Fox made an involuntary movement of the leg that seemed lame, and the Cat opened wide both his blind eyes.

"And now," inquired the Fox, "what are you going to do with this money?"

"First of all," answered the marionette, "I am going to buy a fine new coat for my father; then I will buy a primer."

"For yourself?"

"Certainly; for I mean to go to school and study hard."

"Look at me," said the Fox; "because of my foolish passion for study I lost the use of my leg."

"And look at me," said the Cat; "because of my foolish passion for study I lost my sight."

They had gone more than half-way towards Pinocchio's home, when the Fox said:

"Would you like to turn those five miserable gold pieces into a hundred, a thousand, two thousand?"

"*Would I?* But how can it be done?"

"It's the easiest thing in the world. Instead of going home, you must come with us."

"And where are you going?"

"We are going to Dupeland. You must know that there is a sacred field there called 'The Field of Miracles.' You dig a little hole in this field, and you put in it, for example, a gold sequin. Then you cover it up with earth, water it with spring water, sprinkle a pinch of salt over it, and go peacefully to bed. During the night the sequin sprouts and blossoms, and the next morning, you find a lovely tree, loaded with as many gold sequins as an ear of corn has kernels."

"Then," said Pinocchio, "if I should bury my five gold pieces in that field, how many should I find the next morning?"

"That's a very easy problem," replied the Fox. "Suppose that every gold piece becomes a cluster of five hundred gold pieces, you will find in your pocket two thousand five hundred gold pieces."

"Oh, how splendid!" cried Pinocchio. "As soon as I have harvested these gold pieces, I will take two thousand for myself, and I will make you two a present of the other five hundred."

"A present to us?" exclaimed the Fox. "You offend us! God forbid!"

"God forbid!" repeated the Cat.

"What good people!" thought Pinocchio; and straightway forgetting his father, the new coat,

the primer, and all his good resolutions, he said:

"Well, lead on, I will go with you."

### 9.—THE RED CRAB INN

THEY walked, and walked, and finally towards evening they arrived at the Red Crab Inn.

"Let us stop here a little while," said the Fox, "at least long enough to eat a bite, and rest a few hours. At midnight we must go on again, so that we can arrive at The Field of Miracles by sunrise."

They entered the Inn and sat down at a table.

When they had supped, the Fox said to their host: "Give us two nice rooms: one for Signor Pinocchio, and the other for me and my companion. We will take a little nap before we leave. Do not forget to call us at midnight."

"Yes, sir," replied the host, winking at the Fox and the Cat.

As soon as he was in bed, Pinocchio fell soundly asleep. He was suddenly awakened by three violent blows on the door.

It was the host, come to tell him that it was midnight.

"Are my companions ready?"

"Ready! They left two hours ago."

"Why were they in such a hurry?"

"Because the Cat received a message that his

eldest son, who has chilblains, is not expected to live."

"Did they pay for their supper?"

"What an idea! They were far too polite to offer such an insult to a gentleman like you."

"That's too bad! Such an insult would have been most welcome!" said Pinocchio. Then he inquired:

"And where did these good friends of mine say they would wait for me?"

"In The Field of Miracles at sunrise."

Pinocchio parted with a gold piece for his supper, and that of his fellow travellers, and left the Inn.

As he trudged along he saw a little animal on the trunk of a tree.

"Who are you?" asked Pinocchio.

"I am the ghost of the Talking Cricket."

"What do you want of me?" said the marionette.

"I want to give you some advice. Go back home, and carry the four gold pieces you have left to your poor father."

"My father will be a rich gentleman to-morrow, for these four gold pieces will have become two thousand."

"My boy, never put your faith in people who promise to make you rich in a day. Listen to me, and go back home."

"No, I am going forward."

Allahabad.

"Remember that children who do as they please are sorry for it sooner or later."

"That's an old story. Good-night, Cricket!"

#### 10.—PINOCCHIO MEETS THE ROBBER

AT that moment Pinocchio thought he heard a rustling of leaves behind him.

Turning quickly, he saw two horrid black figures wrapped in coal sacks leaping towards him.

Not knowing where to hide his four gold pieces, he put them in his mouth.

Then he started to run; but before he had taken the first step he felt himself seized by his arms, and heard two terrible voices cry:

"Your money or your life!"

Pinocchio couldn't speak, for his money was in his mouth.

"Come, come, less nonsense, and hand over your money!" the two brigands cried.

But the marionette made signs with his head and hands as if to say: "I haven't a penny!"

"Hand over your money, or you are a dead man," said the taller assassin.

"A dead man!" repeated the other.

"And after we have killed you, we will kill your father, too!"

"No, no, no, my poor father, no!" cried Pinocchio in despair; but at this the gold pieces clinked in his mouth.

"Ah, ha, you rascal, so you hid your money under your tongue! Spit it out!"

Pinocchio paid no attention.

"Oh! so you don't understand? Wait a moment, we'll make you spit it out!"

One of them seized the marionette by the end of his nose, and the other grasped his chin, and they pulled without mercy, one this way, and the other that way, in order to make him open his mouth, but it was no use; the marionette's mouth was tightly shut.

Then the smaller assassin drew a knife and tried to force it between his lips, but Pinocchio, quick as lightning, bit off his hand. Imagine his astonishment when he saw that it was a cat's paw!

Encouraged by his first victory, he freed himself from the assassins' clutches and, jumping over the hedge, fled across the country with the assassins after him. It was nearly daybreak and they were still running, when suddenly Pinocchio found the way barred by a wide, deep ditch full of dirty water. What should he do? "One, two, three!" cried the marionette, and dashing forward like the wind, he jumped clean over it. The assassins jumped, too, but they had not gauged the distance properly, and swash, spatter! they fell right in the middle of the ditch.

Pinocchio heard the splash, and as he ran he laughed, and shouted:

"Take a good bath, Mr. Assassins!"

He was just thinking that they must be drowned when, turning to look, he saw them both running after him.

This time the marionette felt that his case was hopeless. He was ready to throw himself to the to the ground and surrender when his eyes fell upon a little house, as white as snow.

"If only I have breath enough left to get to that house, perhaps I should be safe," he thought.

Without losing a moment, he ran towards the house at his best speed.

He rapped; but no one answered.

Seeing that it was useless to rap, he began to kick the door. At that a lovely child came to the window. Her hair was blue, and her face as white as wax; her eyes were closed, and her hands were crossed on her breast. Without moving her lips in the least, she said in a low voice:

"There is no one in this house. They are all dead."

"But at least you will let me in."

"I am dead, too."

Just then he felt himself seized by the neck, and heard those cruel voices snarling:

"This time you won't escape us! "

The marionette felt that his end was near, and he began to tremble.

"Now, then," demanded the assassins, "will

you or will you not open your mouth? You won't answer, eh? Well, leave it to us."

And, drawing two great knives as sharp as razors, zaff . . . they struck at him savagely.

Luckily for him, the marionette was made of the hardest kind of wood; and the knife blades were splintered into a thousand pieces.

"I see," said one, "he must be hung."

No sooner said than done. They bound his hands behind his back, and putting a running noose around his neck, they tied him to a branch of a big oak tree. Then they sat down on the grass, and waited for him to stop kicking; but after three hours the marionette's eyes were wide open, and he was kicking harder than ever.

At last, tired of waiting, they said:

"Good-bye, until to-morrow. We will come back then, and we hope you will be so obliging as to see that we find you good and dead."

Meanwhile, a fierce north wind had begun to blow; it raged, and whistled, and blew poor Pinocchio back and forth as fast as a bell-clapper.

## II.—PINOCCHIO IS SAVED

THE lovely child with blue hair looked out of the window again. She felt very sorry for the unlucky marionette. She clapped her hands three times.

At this signal there was a rustling as of hurrying wings, and a large Falcon appeared.

"What are your commands, beautiful Fairy?" said the Falcon.

"Do you see that marionette hanging on the big oak? Fly there quickly, break the knot that holds him with your strong beak, and lay him gently on the ground."

The Falcon flew away, and in two minutes he returned, saying:

"Your commands have been obeyed."

"How did you find him? Alive or dead?"

"To look at him, he seems dead, but he cannot be quite dead, for as soon as I loosened the noose around his neck he sighed and murmured: 'Now I feel better.'"

The Fairy clapped her hands twice, and a magnificent Poodle appeared, walking upright on his hind legs, as if he were a man. The Poodle was dressed like a coachman on a holiday.

"Be quick, Medoro!" said the Fairy; "get out my finest carriage and drive to the grove. When you come to the big oak you will find a poor, half-dead marionette. Bring him to me."

In a few moments a handsome carriage was driven out of the stable. It was drawn by a hundred pairs of white mice.

In less than a quarter of an hour he was back again. The Fairy, who was waiting at the door, took the poor marionette in her arms, carried him to a little chamber with mother-of-pearl

walls, and sent instantly for the most famous doctors in the neighbourhood.

The doctors came hurrying, one after another: there was a Crow, an Owl, and a Talking Cricket.

"I would like these gentlemen to tell me," said the Fairy, "if this unfortunate marionette is dead or alive."

The Crow came forward first, and felt Pinocchio's pulse; then he felt his nose, and lastly his little toe. Then he said with great solemnity:

"It is my opinion that this marionette is quite dead; but if he is not dead, that would be a sure sign that he is still alive."

"I am sorry," said the Owl, "to contradict the Crow, but it is my opinion that this marionette is still alive; but if he is not alive, that would be a sign that he is dead."

"And have you nothing to say?" inquired the Fairy, turning to the Talking Cricket.

"This marionette's features are not new to me; I have seen him before."

Pinocchio gave a shudder that shook the whole bed.

"That marionette there," continued the Talking Cricket, "is an accomplished rogue. He is a scamp, a shirker, a vagabond. That marionette is a disobedient son, who will cause his poor old father to die of a broken heart!"

Just then a smothered sobbing and weeping could be heard in the room. They lifted up the

sheet a little, and saw that Pinocchio was the cause of it.

"When a bad boy weeps, it's a sign that he is on the way to recovery," said the Crow solemnly.

#### 12.—PINOCCHIO'S NOSE GROWS LONGER

As soon as the three doctors had left the room, the Fairy came to his bedside. She put her hand on Pinocchio's forehead, and saw that he had a burning fever.

So she dissolved a white powder in half a glass of water, and, holding it to his lips, said:

"Drink this, and you will be well."

Pinocchio looked at the glass, and said in a whining voice: "Is it sweet or bitter?"

"It is bitter, but it will do you good."

"I don't want it."

"Drink it, and afterwards I will give you a lump of sugar."

"First I want the lump of sugar."

The Fairy gave him the sugar, and Pinocchio crunched and swallowed it.

"Now keep your promise, and drink these few drops of water; they will make you well."

Pinocchio took the glass in his hand most unwillingly. He sniffed at it, and held it to his lips; then he sniffed again, and at last he said:

"It's too bitter! I can't drink it!"

"How can you say so, when you haven't even tasted it!"

"Oh, I know it is! I can smell it. Give me another lump of sugar, and then I'll drink it."

So the Fairy, with all the patience of a kind mother, put another lump of sugar in his mouth; then she offered him the glass.

"I can't drink it," said the marionette.

"This fever will send you to the other world in a few hours."

"I don't care."

"Are you not afraid to die?"

"Not a bit!"

At that very moment the door of the room was opened, and four rabbits black as ink came in, carrying a little black coffin.

"What do you want of me?" screamed Pinocchio.

"We have come for you," said the largest rabbit.

"For me! But I'm not dead yet!"

"Not quite yet, but you have only a few minutes to live."

"O Fairy, kind Fairy," cried Pinocchio, "give me the glass quickly . . ."

He took the glass in both hands, and emptied it at one gulp.

"Patience!" said the rabbits. "This time we have made a trip for nothing."

And, replacing the little coffin on their shoulders, they went out of the room.

In a few minutes Pinocchio jumped out of bed, perfectly well.

When the Fairy saw him running and playing around the room as gay as a young rooster, she said: "So my medicine really did do you good? Now come here to me, and tell me how it happened that you fell into the hands of assassins." So Pinocchio told her his sad story.

"Where are the four gold pieces now?"

"I have lost them," replied Pinocchio.

As soon as he had told this lie his nose became two inches longer.

"Where did you lose them?"

"In the grove nearby."

At this second lie, his nose became still longer.

"If you lost them there," said the Fairy, "we can go and find them."

"Oh! Now that I remember," replied the marionette in great confusion, "I didn't lose the money: I swallowed it."

At this third lie his nose lengthened to such a degree that poor Pinocchio could not move.

The Fairy watched him, and laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the marionette.

"I am laughing at the lies you have told."

"However did you know that I told lies?"

"Lies, my child, can easily be recognised. There are two sorts of them: those with short legs, and those with long noses."

Pinocchio would have hidden his face for shame. He tried to run out of the room, but he could not do it; his nose was so long that he could not reach the door.

### 13.—THE FIELD OF MIRACLES

At last the Fairy clapped her hands. At that signal a thousand big woodpeckers flew in at the window, and, perching on Pinocchio's nose, pecked away at it so industriously that in a few minutes his ridiculous nose was reduced to its natural size again. "How kind you are, dear Fairy," said the marionette. "I love you so much!"

"I love you too," replied the Fairy, "and if you will stay with me you shall be my little brother."

"I would love to stay with you . . . but what about my poor father?"

"I have thought of everything. Your father knows all about you, and he will be here soon."

"Really?" exclaimed Pinocchio. "Then, dear Fairy, I would like to go to meet him."

"Go, by all means. Take the path through the grove, and you will be sure to meet him."

Pinocchio departed; and as soon as he entered the grove he began to run like a deer. At a certain point just in front of the old oak there appeared all at once in the path—can you guess? The Fox and the Cat, his two travelling companions.

"Here is our dear Pinocchio," exclaimed the Fox. "How do you happen to be here?"

"How do you happen to be here?" repeated the Cat.

"It's a long story," said the marionette. "I will tell it when I have time, although you should know that the other night when you left me alone in the Inn, I encountered assassins."

"And what did they want?"

"They wanted to rob me of my money."

"Infamous!" said the Fox.

"But I began to run," continued the marionette, "and they ran after me until they caught me, and hung me to a branch of that oak."

"Did you ever hear of anything worse than that!" said the Fox. While they were talking Pinocchio noticed that the Cat was lame in his right foreleg, because the whole paw was missing.

"And what are you doing here?" asked the Fox.

"I'm waiting for my father."

"Where are your gold pieces?"

"They are all in my pocket."

"Just to think that instead of four gold pieces they might be a thousand by to-morrow! Why not plant them in The Field of Miracles?"

"Impossible to-day; I will go some other time."

"Another time will be too late," said the Fox.

"Why?"

"Because a rich man has bought the field, and after to-morrow no one will be allowed to plant his money there."

Pinocchio hesitated; he remembered the good Fairy, old Geppetto, and the warnings of the Talking Cricket; but he finished by doing as all children do who have no judgment, and no heart: that is to say, he said: "I'll go with you."

And off they went.

They had walked about half a day when they came to a place called Zanytrap. As soon as they entered the city, Pinocchio saw that the streets were full of dogs whose hair had fallen off; there were shorn sheep trembling with cold, and chickens without their crests and wattles.

"But where is The Field of Miracles?" inquired Pinocchio.

"Just a few steps farther on."

They traversed the city, and, going beyond the walls, stopped in a lonely field.

"Here we are," said the Fox. "Now get down and dig a little hole with your hands."

Pinocchio obeyed. He dug the hole, put in the four gold pieces he had left, and covered them up.

"Now, then," said the Fox, "go to the mill dam close by, get a bucket of water, and water the ground where you have sown your seed."

Pinocchio went to the mill dam, and, since he

did not have a bucket, he took off one of his shoes, filled it with water, and watered the earth.

"What else must I do?"

"Nothing more," replied the Fox. "Now you can go away. Come back in about twenty



*Pinocchio put in the four gold pieces.*

minutes, and you will find a little tree already growing, with its branches covered with money."

The poor marionette was almost beside himself with joy. He thanked the Fox and the Cat a thousand times, and promised them a fine present.

"We don't want presents," replied those two

miserable wretches; "it is enough for us to have shown you how to get rich without work."

With these words they wished Pinocchio farewell.

#### 14.—PINOCCHIO IN PRISON

THE marionette went back to the city, and began to count the minutes. When he thought he had waited twenty minutes, he hurried back.

He stopped to see if he could catch a glimpse of a tree, with its branches laden with money, but he saw nothing.

At that moment a loud laugh rang in his ears. Looking up, he saw a large parrot on a tree.

"Why are you laughing?" said Pinocchio.

"I am laughing at those simpletons who believe all the nonsense they are told."

"Are you, perhaps, speaking of me?"

"Yes, poor Pinocchio, I am speaking of you."

"I don't understand," said the marionette.

"Patience! I will try to speak plainer," replied the Parrot. "While you were in the city the Fox and the Cat came back here; they dug up your money and ran away like the wind."

Pinocchio began wildly to dig up the earth he had watered. He dug until he had a hole big enough for a haystack, but the money was not there.

Then in desperation he ran back to the city, and went straight to the Court House.

The Judge was an old Gorilla. In the Judge's presence Pinocchio related all the circumstances of the fraud, of which he had been the victim.

The Judge listened, for he was greatly interested in his story, and very sorry for him. When the marionette had no more to say, he put out his hand and rang a bell. At the sound two mastiffs appeared, dressed like policemen.

The Judge pointed to Pinocchio and said:

"This poor fellow has been robbed of four gold pieces. Take him to prison."

Pinocchio was thunderstruck. He was about to protest, but the policemen clapped their paws over his mouth, and took him to gaol.

And there he stayed four months; and it would have been longer if it had not happened, luckily, that the young Emperor of Zanytrap, having won a glorious victory over his enemies, commanded a great public rejoicing. He ordered the prisons to be thrown open, and all the rascals to be set free.

"If the others leave the prison, I want to go too," said Pinocchio to the gaoler.

"Oh, no, you can't leave," replied the gaoler, "for you are not in that class."

"I beg your pardon," said Pinocchio, "I am a rascal too."

"In that case, you are perfectly right," said the gaoler, and, lifting his cap respectfully, he opened the prison door, and let him pass.

## 15.—CAUGHT IN A TRAP

WITHOUT losing a moment, Pinocchio hurried out of the city, and took the street that led to the Fairy's little house.

He stopped suddenly in fright.

He saw a great Serpent stretched across the way. His skin was green, his eyes were like fire, and smoke was coming from his pointed tail.

Words fail me to express Pinocchio's terror. He went back a quarter of a mile, and sat down to wait until the Serpent should go away.

He waited an hour; two hours; three hours; but the Serpent was still there.

At last Pinocchio summoned all his courage, and, coming near the Serpent, he said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Serpent, but would you be so kind as to move just a little to let me pass?"

He waited for some sign in reply to his request, but no sign came. Instead, the Serpent became perfectly quiet and rigid. He closed his eyes, and his tail stopped smoking.

"Perhaps he is really dead," said Pinocchio, and without waiting another second he was about to step over him. But just as he was lifting one leg the Serpent rose up suddenly like a watch spring, and the marionette in his fright leaped backwards so quickly that he stumbled and fell.

It was truly a bad fall, for he came down with his head in the mud, and his legs up in the air.

At the sight of that marionette standing on his head in the mud, the Serpent was seized with a fit of laughter. He laughed until he burst a blood-vessel, and this time he was dead for good.

And now Pinocchio began to run again as fast as he could, in order to reach the Fairy's house before dark. But he became so hungry that he jumped over a hedge to pick some grapes. He had barely reached the vines, when—*crack!* he felt his legs gripped by two sharp irons. The poor marionette was caught in a trap put there to catch polecats.

Soon he heard the sound of footsteps drawing near. It was the owner of the field, who was coming to see if he had caught one of those polecats that were eating his chickens at night.

He was amazed to see that, instead of a polecat, he had caught a boy.

"Ah, you thief!" the farmer said angrily. "So it's you who are stealing my chickens!"

"It isn't me," sobbed Pinocchio; "I only came into the field to pick a few bunches of grapes!"

"Any one who will steal grapes will steal chickens. I'll teach you a lesson!"

He opened the trap, seized the marionette by the collar, and lugged him off under his arm.

When he reached the yard in front of his house, he threw Pinocchio on the ground, and said:

"It's late, and I want to go to bed. I will settle with you to-morrow. Meanwhile, since my

watch-dog died to-day, you may take his place."

So saying, he put a collar around his neck.

"If it should rain to-night," said the farmer, "you may crawl into that little wooden kennel. Remember to keep your ears pricked up, and if thieves should come, don't forget to bark."

With this last caution the farmer went into the house, leaving poor Pinocchio crouching in the yard, more dead than alive.

At last, however, he crawled into the kennel, and went to sleep.

#### 16.—PINOCCHIO DISCOVERS THE THIEVES

HE had been sleeping soundly for more than two hours, when he was awakened by strange voices that seemed to come from the yard. He put the point of his nose out of his kennel and saw four animals with dark fur, talking together. One of them, coming to the door, said:

"Good-evening, Melampo."

"My name is not Melampo."

"Who are you, then?"

"I am Pinocchio."

"And what are you doing there?"

"I am a watch-dog."

"Where is the old dog that lives in this kennel?"

"He died this morning."

"Died? Poor beast! He was so kind! However, you seem to be a good-natured dog."

"I am a marionette."

"And you act as a watch-dog?"

"Alas, yes!"

"Well, I'll make the same bargain with you that I made with old Melampo."

"And what might that be?"

"We will come to the henhouse one night a week, and carry off eight hens. We will eat seven, and give you one, on condition that you never bark and wake up the farmer."

"Is that what Melampo did?"

"Yes, indeed, and we always got on splendidly together. Now sleep in peace, and be sure that before we leave we will bring you a chicken. Do you understand?"

"I understand only too well," replied Pinocchio.

When the four polecats felt sure of their safety, they went straight to the henhouse. They tore open the little wooden door with their teeth and claws, and slipped inside. But no sooner were they all inside when the door closed with a loud bang.

It was Pinocchio who had closed it, and, not content with this, he put a big stone against it.

Then he began to bark, just like a watch-dog.

When the farmer heard him barking, he jumped out of his bed and he called out:

"What's the matter?"

"The thieves are here!" cried Pinocchio.

"Where are they?"

"In the henhouse!" replied Pinocchio.

The farmer ran to the henhouse, and after catching the four polecats and popping them into a sack he exclaimed: "At last you have fallen into my hands! I will take you to the landlord in the village, who will skin you and cook you."

Then he went to Pinocchio, and asked him:

"How did you discover the plot of these thieves?"

The marionette could have told the farmer of the shameful bargain between the dog and the polecats; but he remembered that the dog was dead, and he said to himself: "What good will it do to accuse the dead?"

"Were you awake or asleep when the polecats first appeared?" inquired the farmer.

"I was asleep," replied Pinocchio; "but they woke me by talking together, and one of them even came to my kennel, and said: 'If you will promise not to bark and wake up the farmer, we will give you a chicken.' But I would never plot with thieves!"

"Good for you, my boy," said the farmer. "Such sentiments do you honour; and to show how pleased I am with you I will set you free."

#### 17.—PINOCCHIO AND THE DOVE

PINOCCHIO began to run across the fields, never stopping for a moment, until he reached the highway which led to the Fairy's house. Al-

though he looked in all directions, he could not discover the little white house where he had found the lovely blue-haired child.

Fearing he knew not what, he took to his heels, and ran with all his might. In a few minutes he found himself in the field where the little white house once stood. But the little house was no longer there. Instead there was a little slab of white marble on which these sad words were inscribed:

HERE LIES  
THE BLUE-HAIRED CHILD  
WHO DIED OF GRIEF  
ON BEING ABANDONED BY HER  
LITTLE BROTHER  
PINOCCHIO

Pinocchio fell to the ground, and burst into a flood of tears.

At this very moment a very large dove stopped short with outstretched wings, and cried:

"Tell me, child, what are you doing there?"

"I'm crying!" said Pinocchio.

"Tell me," continued the dove, "do you happen to know a marionette called Pinocchio?"

"Pinocchio?" cried the marionette, jumping to his feet. "I'm Pinocchio!"

At this reply the dove dropped swiftly to the ground. He was larger than a turkey.

"Do you know Geppetto?" he asked.

"He is my poor father! Has he spoken of me?"

"I left him three days ago on the sea-coast."

"What was he doing?"

"He was making a little boat in which to cross the ocean. Not having found you, he has taken it into his head to search for you in far-off countries across the sea."

"How far is it from here to the sea-coast?"

"More than five hundred miles."

"O dear Dove, what a fine thing it would be if I had your wings!"

"If you want to go, I will carry you."

"How?"

"Astride my back. Are you very heavy?"

"No, indeed! I'm as light as a feather."

Without another word, Pinocchio jumped on the Dove's back. They flew all day. Towards evening they arrived at the sea.

The Dove stopped just long enough for Pinocchio to dismount, and then flew away.

The beach was covered with people who were shouting as they looked out over the ocean.

"What is the matter?" Pinocchio inquired of a little old woman.

"A poor father has lost his son, and he was going to cross the sea in a little boat to look for him, but the waves are so high that the boat will be capsized."

"Where is the boat?"

"Right there, in front of my finger."

Pinocchio looked closely, and uttered a piercing shriek: "It's my father!"

Meanwhile the little boat, beaten by the angry waves, now disappeared entirely, and again could be seen on the crest of a wave. Pinocchio called his father's name, and waved his cap and handkerchief.

Although Geppetto was so far away, it seemed as if he recognised his son, for he took off his cap and waved it.

Suddenly there came a mighty wave, and the little boat disappeared.

"The poor man!" said the fishermen who were gathered on the beach.

Suddenly there was a desperate shout and, turning to look, they saw a boy throw himself into the sea from the top of a high rock, crying:

"I will save my father!"

#### 18.—PINOCCHIO FINDS THE FAIRY

INSPIRED by the hope of arriving in time to save his poor father, Pinocchio swam all that night.

Towards morning he saw not far off a long strip of land. It was an island in the ocean.

He put forth every effort to reach the shore. At last, there came a monstrous wave which picked him up and threw him on the beach.

The marionette spread his clothes to dry in the sun, and began to look in every direction over

that immense waste of waters to see if there was anywhere a tiny boat.

Just then he saw a large fish close to the shore.

Since he did not know his name, he cried as loud as he could:

"Hallo, Mr. Fish, 'will you be so kind as to tell me if there are places in this island where one may eat, without danger of being eaten?'"

"Certainly there are," replied the Dolphin; "there is one only a short distance from here. Take that little path on your left, and follow your nose."

"Tell me something more. Have you seen a little boat with my father in it?"

"By this time he must have been eaten by the terrible shark that has been spreading death and destruction in these waters."

"Is he very big, this shark?" inquired Pinocchio.

"Well, just to give you an idea, I will say that he is larger than a five-storey house."

"Heavens above!" cried the terrified marionette and, hurrying into his clothes, he turned to the Dolphin, saying, "Good-bye, Mr. Fish."

He had travelled about half an hour when he came to Busy-Beeville. The streets were full of people hurrying back and forth on business.

"I see," said Pinocchio to himself, "this place will never do for me. I was not born to work."

By this time he was suffering dreadfully from hunger. What could he do? There were only

two ways of getting something to eat: to ask for work, or to beg.

At last a kind little woman appeared carrying two pitchers of water.

"Kind lady, will you let me have a sip of the water from your pitcher?" asked Pinocchio.

"Yes, drink, my child," said the little woman, putting the pitchers on the ground.

When Pinocchio was as full as a sponge, he wiped his mouth, and grumbled:

"Now I'm no longer thirsty! If I were only no longer hungry!"

When the good little woman heard these words she said quickly:

"If you will carry one of these pitchers home for me, I will give you a large slice of bread."

Pinocchio looked at the pitcher, and said neither yes nor no.

"And with the bread I will give you a fine dish of cauliflower," the good woman added.

Pinocchio looked at the pitcher again.

"And after the cauliflower I will give you some delicious pastry."

At this last temptation Pinocchio could resist no longer; he drew a long breath and said:

"Patience! I will carry the pitcher."

When they arrived at her home the good woman placed Pinocchio at a little table already set, and put the bread, the cauliflower, and the pastry before him.

Little by little the worst pangs of his hunger were appeased, and he raised his head to thank his benefactress. No sooner had he looked at her than he uttered a long "O-o-o-oh!" of astonishment.

"Whatever is the matter with you?"

"It's because . . ." stammered Pinocchio, "it's because . . . you are like . . . yes, yes, the same voice . . . the same eyes . . . the same hair! O dear Fairy, tell me, is it you?"

As he said this, Pinocchio wept floods of tears and, falling on his knees before her, he threw his arms about that mysterious little woman.

#### 19.—A REAL BOY

At first the little woman would not admit that she was the Fairy with the blue hair.

"You rogue of a marionette, how did you recognise me?"

"It's because I love you so much."

"I was a little girl when you left me, and now I am a woman. I could almost be your mother."

"I should like that so much. But how did you manage to grow so quickly?"

"That's a secret."

"Teach it to me: I would like to be bigger."

"But you can't grow," replied the Fairy.

"Why not?"

"Because marionettes never grow."

"I am sick to death of always being a marion-

ettel!" cried Pinocchio. "It's about time I became a man."

"If you only deserved it, you could become one."

"Truly? And what can I do to be worthy of becoming a man?"

"You begin by being a good boy."

"I want to be a good boy, and be the consolation of my father. Where can my poor father be now?"

"I don't know."

"Will I ever see him again?"

"I hope so!"

Pinocchio was so happy when he heard this that he grasped the Fairy's hands and kissed them.

"Tell me, Mamma, it wasn't true, then, that you were dead?"

"It seems not," replied the Fairy, with a smile.

"If you only knew how sad I felt and how my heart ached when I read, 'HERE LIES . . .'"

"I know, and that is why I forgive you. You were truly sorry, and then I knew that you had a good heart."

"Oh, how splendid!" cried Pinocchio.

"You will always obey me."

"Oh, yes!"

"To-morrow," added the Fairy, "you will begin by going to school."

Pinocchio became a little less joyful.

"Then you will chose some profession or trade."

"But I don't want to learn any profession. . . ."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't like work."

"My child," said the Fairy, "those who talk in that way generally finish in a hospital, or in a prison."

These words touched Pinocchio's heart. He lifted his head quickly and said to the Fairy:

"I will study, I will work. I will do everything you want me to, for I am sick of leading the life of a marionette. I want to become a real boy."

## 20.—THE TERRIBLE SHARK

THE very next day Pinocchio went to school. Imagine what those mischievous children did when they saw a marionette coming to school! They laughed as if they would never stop. First one and then another played some trick on him.

Pinocchio pretended not to notice them at first; but at last he lost his patience, and, turning on the worst of his tormentors, he exclaimed:

"Be careful, boys! I didn't come here to play the clown for you. I respect others, and I want to be respected."

"Good for you, scallywag! You talk just like a book!" shouted the rogues, and one of them put out his hand to seize the marionette by the nose.

But he was not quick enough, for Pinocchio kicked his shins under the table.

"Oh, oh! What hard feet!" cried the boy.

After a few of these proofs of his ability to

defend himself, Pinocchio won the esteem of the whole school. Even the Master praised him, because he was studious and intelligent.

His only fault was that he made too many friends, and some of them were only too well known as scapegraces.

Now it happened one day as he was on his way to school that he met some of these companions of his who said:

"Have you heard the great news?"

"No."

"They say there's a shark in the sea as big as a mountain."

"Is it possible? What if it is the same shark that I heard of the night my poor father was drowned!"

"We're going to the beach to see it. Won't you come too?"

"But what will the Master say?"

"Let him say what he likes. That's what he is paid for!"

"And my Mamma?"

"Oh, she'll never find out!"

"How long will it take to go to the beach?"

"We can go and come back in an hour."

"Well, come on, then. He who runs fastest is the best fellow!" cried Pinocchio.

When he arrived at the seashore, Pinocchio looked around, but he saw no shark.

"Well, where's the shark?" he inquired.

"Perhaps he has gone to breakfast," said one of them.

"Or perhaps he has gone to bed to take a nap," said another.

Their silly answers showed Pinocchio that it was all a practical joke. He was very angry, and said:

"Did you have any object in telling me that story about the shark?"

"We wanted you to run away from school, and come with us. Aren't you ashamed to study so hard?"

"And what business is it of yours?"

"It certainly is our business, for you make us cut a sorry figure before the Master."

"What can I do then to satisfy you?"

"You must do as we do, and hate the school."

"And suppose I choose to keep on studying?"

"Then we will have nothing more to do with you, and at the very first chance we'll get even with you!"

"Really, you make me laugh," said the marionette.

"Be careful, Pinocchio," said one of the largest boys, walking towards him. "Don't think you can bully us. Remember that you are alone, and there's seven of us!"

"Seven, like the mortal sins," exclaimed Pinocchio.

"Did you hear that? He has insulted all of us."

"Pinocchio, beg our pardon."

"Coo-coo!" said the marionette.

"I'll give you 'Coo-coo!'" cried the most daring of those bullies. With this, he gave him a blow on the head.

But the marionette replied with another blow, and in a moment the combat became furious.

Although Pinocchio was alone, he defended himself like a hero. His hard wooden feet worked so fast that his enemies were kept at a distance.

These bad boys began to throw things at him. They unstrapped their schoolbooks, and began to throw their primers and grammars. But the marionette dodged so quickly, that the books all flew over his head into the sea.

Just then the boys saw the marionette's books lying on the ground, and took possession of them.

Among these books there was a large one, with sheepskin back and corners.

One of these rogues seized this volume, and aiming at Pinocchio's head, let it fly with all the force he could muster; but instead of hitting the marionette it struck one of his companions on the head. The child turned white, and fell full length on the sandy beach.

At that, the frightened boys took to their legs, and in a few moments they were out of sight.

But Pinocchio remained there, and he ran to wet his handkerchief in the sea, and put it on the poor boy's temples.

Suddenly he heard footsteps approaching.

He turned. There were two policemen.

"What are you doing there on the ground?" they demanded.

"I was helping my schoolmate." *Alia bad.*

"Is anything the matter with him?"

"I think so."

"I should think so, indeed!" said one of the policemen, bending over the boy. "This boy is wounded on the temple; who has done this?"

"Not I," stammered Pinocchio.

"With what was he wounded?"

"With this book."

The marionette picked up the book and showed it to the policeman.

"Whose book is this?"

"Mine."

"That's enough. Get up quickly, and come with us."

"But I am innocent. . . ."

"Come along!"

Before leaving the spot the policemen called some fishermen who were rowing by close to the shore, and said to them:

"We will leave this wounded boy with you. Take him home and care for him."

Then they turned to Pinocchio, and placing him between them, they said: "Forward!"

They were just entering the village when a gust of wind blew off Pinocchio's cap.

"Will you permit me to go and get my cap?" asked Pinocchio.

"Yes, go, but be quick about it."

The marionette picked up his cap, but instead of placing it on his head, he put it between his teeth, and then began to run with all his might towards the sea.

Seeing that it would be difficult to catch him, the policemen sent a great mastiff after him. Pinocchio ran, but the mastiff ran faster. The people all came to the window, or rushed into the street to see the end of that wild race. But they never saw it, for Pinocchio and the mastiff raised such a dust that in a few moments it was not possible to see anything.

#### 21.—PINOCCHIO IS IN DANGER

DURING this desperate race there came a terrible moment when Pinocchio felt himself lost, for Alidoro (that was the mastiff's name) had almost come up to him.

Luckily he was only a few steps to the sea.

As soon as he reached the shore the marionette gave a great leap, and fell far out into the water. Alidoro would have stopped, but he was going so fast that he shot out into the water, too. Unfortunately, he did not know how to swim. He barked and yelped:

"Help me, Pinocchio, save my life!"

At that cry of despair, the marionette had pity on him, and turning to the dog, he said:

"If I save your life will you promise not to bother me or run after me any more?"

"I promise! Be quick, for pity's sake!

Pinocchio swam to Alidoro, and taking him by the tail with both hands, he pulled him safe and sound to dry land.

The poor dog could not stand on his feet. He had drunk so much salt water that he was swelled up like a balloon. However, the marionette did not dare to trust him too far, so he thought it might be better to throw himself into the sea again. As he swam away he called to the friend he had rescued:

"Good-bye, Alidoro, a good journey to you."

"Good-bye, Pinocchio," replied the dog, "a thousand thanks for saving me from death. If you should ever need me, I will not fail you."

Pinocchio continued to swim, but he kept near the shore until, at last, he thought he had reached a safe place. Looking at the beach, he saw a sort of grotto in the rock, from which issued a long column of smoke.

"There must be a fire in that grotto," he said to himself. "So much the better! I can warm and dry myself."

Having made this decision, he drew near the rocky shore. But just as he was climbing out, he felt something under the water rising, until it

lifted him out on the beach. He tried to run away, but it was too late, for he found himself inside a big net, and in the midst of a multitude of fish of every shape and size.

And at the same time he saw, coming out of the grotto, a frightful fisherman, who was so ugly that he looked like some marine monster.

When the fisherman had drawn the net out of the sea, he cried joyfully: "Thank Providence! I shall have a fine dinner of fish to-day!"

"It's lucky for me that I'm not a fish," said Pinocchio to himself.

The net full of fish was carried into the grotto. It was a dark, smoky grotto, and in the middle of it there was a big frying-pan full of hot oil.

"Now let's see what sort of fish we've caught!" said the fisherman.

The last to come out of the net was Pinocchio.

When the fisherman pulled him out, he opened his eyes wide in astonishment, and cried:

"What sort of fish is this?"

After turning him over and over, he finished by saying:

"I see: this must be a sea crab."

Pinocchio said indignantly:

"What do you mean by calling me a crab? Let me tell you that I am a marionette!"

"A marionette fish is a new one for me. I shall eat you with the greatest pleasure!

"Eat me? Don't you see that I can talk and reason as you do?"

"That's very true," replied the fisherman, "and since I see that you are a fish that can speak, I will treat you with great consideration."

"And what may that mean?"



*"What sort of fish is this?"*

"As a token of esteem, I will let you decide how you shall be cooked. Would you like to be fried in oil, or cooked in the stewpan?"

"To tell the truth," replied Pinocchio, "I would prefer to be set free."

"Do you think that I will lose this chance to taste such a rare fish? I will fry you in the pan."

The unhappy Pinocchio cried and screamed, and begged for mercy, sobbing: "How much better it would have been if I had gone to school!" And because he squirmed like an eel, the fisherman took a big bulrush, and after binding him hand and foot like a sausage, he threw him into the tub with the others. Then he got a wooden keg full of flour, and began to roll all the fish in it; and as fast as he had floured them well he threw them into the frying-pan.

The poor boy could only implore with his eyes; but the fisherman, without even looking at him, rolled him over five or six times in the flour. Then he took him by the head and . . .

## 22.—PINOCCHIO RETURNS TO THE FAIRY'S HOUSE

Just as the fisherman was about to drop Pinocchio into the frying-pan, a large dog came into the grotto. "Get out!" cried the fisherman.

But the poor dog was almost starved. He howled, and wagged his tail as if to say:

"Just give me one mouthful, and I'll go away."

"Get out, I tell you!" repeated the fisherman, drawing back his foot to kick him.

But the dog was so hungry that he was determined not to be kicked out, and he growled at the fisherman, showing his sharp teeth.

Just then a faint little voice was heard saying:

"Save me, Alidoro."

The dog instantly recognised Pinocchio's voice, and he was amazed to see that it came from that floury bundle that the fisherman held in his hand.

He jumped high in the air, seized the bundle, and holding it carefully between his teeth, ran out of the grotto and away like the wind.

When Alidoro came to the path that led to the village, he stopped, and put Pinocchio down gently on the ground.

"How can I ever thank you?"

"You need not thank me," replied the dog; "you saved my life, and one good turn deserves another."

"How did you happen to come to the grotto?"

"I was lying on the beach more dead than alive, when the wind brought me the odour of frying fish. That gave me an appetite, and I followed the smell of the fish. If I had been a moment later! . . ."

"Don't speak of it!" exclaimed Pinocchio.

Alidoro laughed and held out his right paw to the marionette, who grasped it and then they parted.

The dog went home; but when Pinocchio was alone he went to a little cabin near by where an old man was sunning himself at the door, and said: "Tell me, kind sir, do you know anything about a poor boy who was wounded on the head?"

"Some fishermen brought him here to this cabin, but now . . ."

"Now he is dead!" Pinocchio interrupted sadly.

"No, he is alive, and has gone back home."

"Truly? Truly?" cried the marionette, jumping for joy. "So then his wound wasn't serious?"

"It might have been serious; it might even have killed him," replied the old man, "for they threw a large bound book at his head."

"Who threw it?"

"One of his schoolmates, a certain Pinocchio."

"I know him by sight," replied the marionette.

"And what do you think of him?"

"I think he is a very good boy who loves to study, and who loves his father and his family."

While the marionette was telling all these lies, he happened to touch his nose, and seeing that it had grown several inches, he cried in a fright:

"No, kind sir, don't believe what I have told you! I know Pinocchio very well, and I assure you that he really is a very bad boy." As soon as he had said this, his nose grew shorter.

"Why are you so white?" asked the old man.

"I'll tell you. Without noticing it, I rubbed against a wall that had just been white-washed," replied the marionette, for he was ashamed to confess that he had been rolled in flour like a fish.

"But what has become of your jacket, and your trousers, and your cap?"

"I met thieves, and they robbed me of my clothes. Tell me, kind sir, do you happen to have some old clothes you could give me?"

"I have nothing but a little bag in which I keep beans; if you want that, take it."

Pinocchio didn't think twice, but he took the little bean bag, and after cutting a hole in the bottom with the scissors, and one on each side for his arms, he put it on like a little shirt. And in that excuse for clothes he started for home.

He arrived in the village after dark, and because it was a stormy night, and the rain was coming down in bucketfuls, he went straight to the Fairy's house, resolved to ask for shelter.

A window on the top floor was opened and a big snail with a tiny light on her head looked out, and said: "Who is it, at this hour?"

"Is the Fairy at home?"

"The Fairy is asleep and does not want to be disturbed! But who are you?"

"Pinocchio."

"Ah! I see," said the Snail; "wait for me. I will come down at once and open the door."

"Hurry, for pity's sake, I am dying of cold!"

"My son, I am a Snail, and Snails never hurry."

An hour passed, two hours, and the door was not opened; so Pinocchio, who was shaking with cold and fright and dampness, plucked up his courage, and knocked once more.

At this a window opened on the third floor, and the same Snail looked out.

"Kind Snail," cried Pinocchio from the street, "I have been waiting two hours! Hurry up."

"My son," said the Snail, "I am a Snail, and Snails are never in a hurry."

Not long after the village clock struck midnight; then one o'clock, two o'clock, and the door was still closed.

Finally Pinocchio lost his patience. He seized the knocker in a rage, and was about to strike a blow that would shake the whole house, when suddenly the knocker turned into a live eel, slipped out of his hands and disappeared.

"Oh, ho!" shouted Pinocchio, "if the knocker has run away, I will kick the door down!"

And drawing back, he let fly a furious kick against the door. He kicked so hard that his foot went through the door, and when he tried to pull it back, it was impossible.

Imagine poor Pinocchio now! He had to pass all the rest of the night with one foot on the ground, and the other in the door.

Finally, at daybreak, the door was opened. That obliging Snail had spent only nine hours coming down to the street door.

"What are you doing there, with your foot sticking in the door?" she inquired, laughing.

"It was an accident. Won't you please see, kind Snail, if you can free me from this torment?"

"My son, this is a case for a carpenter."

"Beg the Fairy to help me."

"The Fairy is sleeping."

"At least bring me something to eat, for I am faint with hunger."

"Immediately!" said the Snail.

In fact three hours and a half later Pinocchio saw her coming back with a tray on her head. There was bread, a roast chicken, and four ripe apricots.

"Here is the breakfast the Fairy sends you," said the Snail.

At the sight of all those good things the marionette was quite consoled. But how great was his disappointment, when he began to eat, to discover that the bread was plaster, the chicken was made of paper, and the four apricots of alabaster.

He wanted to weep, to throw away the tray and all that was on it; instead, whether because of his grief, or the great weakness he felt in his stomach, the fact is that he fainted away.

When he came to himself he was lying on a sofa, and the Fairy was bending over him.

"I will forgive you just once more," said the Fairy, "but woe betide you if you do wrong again."

Pinocchio promised and vowed that he would study, and always be good; and he kept his word all the rest of the year. He stood first in the examinations, and he was called the best scholar in the school. His conduct in general was so satisfactory that the Fairy was greatly pleased,

and said: "To-morrow you shall cease to be a wooden marionette, and become a real boy."

### 23.—PINOCCHIO IS TEMPTED

PINOCCHIO asked the Fairy's permission to go around the village and invite his friends for the next day. The Fairy said:

"Yes, indeed, go and invite all your friends for breakfast, but come home before dark."

"I promise to be back in an hour."

Pinocchio had among his schoolmates one of whom he was especially fond. His name was Romeo, but everybody called him by his nickname of "Lampwick," because he was so thin.

Lampwick was the laziest and most mischievous boy in the school, but Pinocchio was very fond of him. In fact, he went to his home first of all, but he was not there.

Wherever could he be? He searched high and low, and finally he found him hiding under the porch of a farmer's house.

"What in the world are you doing there?" inquired Pinocchio.

"I'm waiting for midnight, when I'm going away."

"Where are you going?"

"Far, far away."

"I went to your house three times looking for you."

"What do you want of me?"

"To-morrow I shall stop being a marionette, and become a boy like you."

"Much good may it do you!"

"And to-morrow morning I shall expect you at my house for breakfast."

"But didn't I tell you that I am going away?"

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to live in a perfect paradise!"

"What is the name of it?"

"It's called Toyland. Why don't you come too? There's no school there, and no masters, and no books. In that blessed place no one ever studies."

"But how do they pass the time in Toyland?"

"They play and amuse themselves from morning to night."

"Ummm!" said Pinocchio. "That sort of life would suit me too."

"Now then, will you come with me?"

"No, I have promised the kind Fairy that I would be a good boy, and I must keep my promise. I must leave you and hurry away. Good-bye, and a pleasant journey. Are you going on foot?"

"A stage-coach is coming at midnight to take us to that glorious country."

"What wouldn't I give if it were midnight now, so that I could see you all go off."

"Stay a little longer, and you can see us."

"Are you perfectly certain there are no schools in that country?" asked Pinocchio.

"Not a sign of one!"

"What a wonderful country!" sighed Pinocchio.

"Why don't you come too?"

"It's useless to tempt me. I have promised my kind Fairy that I would be a sensible boy."

"Well, good-bye, then."

"Good-bye, Lampwick."

By this time it was very dark. Suddenly, far away, they saw a little light moving, and heard bells tinkling, and the tooting of a tiny horn.

"There it is!" exclaimed Lampwick.

"What is it?" said Pinocchio.

"It's the stage-coach coming to get me. Do you want to go too? Yes, or no?"

"But is it actually true," demanded the marionette, "that children never have to study?"

"Never, never, never!"

"What a wonderful country!"

#### 24.—A VISIT TO TOYLAND

At last the stage-coach arrived. It was drawn by twelve pairs of donkeys, all of the same size, but of different colours.

Some were grey, some white, some spotted, and some were yellow and blue in broad stripes.

But the strangest thing about them was that

these twelve pairs, instead of being shod like most other animals, wore men's boots of white calfskin.

And the driver?

Imagine a little man broader than he is long, soft and oily as a butterball, with a little face like a red apple, and a soft voice like that of a cat that is mewling for cream.

All the boys fell in love with them; and they all scrambled to get in first.

Indeed the stage-coach was already full of boys, huddled together like so many sardines. They were so happy that they were neither uncomfortable, nor weary, nor hungry.

As soon as the stage-coach stopped, the little man turned to Lampwick, and said:

"Tell me, my fine boy, would you like to go to that happy country?"

"Certainly I want to go."

"But you see, my dear, there is no more room."

"Never mind," replied Lampwick. "If there's no more room inside, I can ride on the swingle-tree."

And he jumped up astride of the swingle-tree.

"And you, my love," said the little man, looking admiringly at Pinocchio, "what are you going to do?"

"I remain here," replied Pinocchio. "I want to study and be a good scholar."

"Come with us, we will all be so happy," shouted a hundred voices together.

Pinocchio did not reply: he only sighed; he sighed a second time; a third. At last he said:

"Make a little room for me: I will come too."

"Everything is full," replied the little man, "but to show you how glad I am that you are coming with me, I will give you my place."

"No, really, I can't let you do that. I would rather ride on one of the donkeys!" cried Pinocchio.

Pinocchio mounted, and the stage-coach began to move; but while the donkeys galloped along, he thought he heard a voice saying:

"You poor simpleton! You will be sorry for it!"

Pinocchio was frightened, and looked around him to see where these words came from, but there was nothing to be seen. The donkeys galloped along, the stage-coach rolled over the stones, and the boys inside slept.

They had gone only a little way farther when Pinocchio heard the low voice again saying:

"Remember this, you little blockhead, boys who will not study always come to a bad end."

When he heard these whispered words, the marionette was more frightened than ever. He jumped down from the donkey's back, and took him by the bridle.

Imagine his surprise when he saw that the donkey was crying.

"Hallo, little man," Pinocchio called to the driver. "This donkey is crying."

"Come, come," said the little man, "don't waste time watching a donkey cry. Get on his back again, and let us go."

Pinocchio did as he was told. The stage-coach rolled along once more, and at daybreak the next morning they reached Toyland.

Toyland was like no other country in the world. The entire population consisted of children.

There were swarms of them everywhere. Some were playing skittles; some were playing quoits, or rounders; some were riding bicycles or wooden horses; others were playing blind-man's buff, or tig.

As soon as they set foot inside the city, Lampwick, and all the other boys, hurried to join these children, and in a few minutes, they had made friends with them all. In the midst of continual amusement and all sorts of pastimes, the hours and days and weeks passed like lightning.

"Oh, what a glorious life!" exclaimed Pinocchio.

Five months passed away in this paradise of playthings and amusements, when Pinocchio had a most unpleasant surprise.

## 25.—PINOCCHIO GROWS DONKEY'S EARS

PINOCCHIO noticed that his ears had grown longer.

Marionettes, from their birth, have very small ears. You can imagine, therefore, how startled

he was when he became aware that his ears had grown so long during the night that they resembled two sweeping brushes.

He hurried in search of a mirror, but he could not find one. So he filled the hand-basin with water and looking into it, saw himself decorated with a pair of asses' ears.

He began to cry, and scream, but the more he wept, the longer his ears grew.

A squirrel that lived on the floor above him heard his piercing cries, and came down to see what the matter was.

"What is the matter, my dear neighbour?"

"I am sick. Do you know how to count one's pulse?"

"Yes, I believe so."

The Squirrel put her right front paw on Pinocchio's wrist, and then said:

"You have a raging fever."

"What kind of fever is it?"

"Donkey fever."

"I never heard of any such fever!"

"Then I will tell you about it," replied the Squirrel. "In two or three hours you will no longer be a marionette, or a boy . . ."

"What will I be?"

"You will be a donkey."

"Oh! Poor me!" cried Pinocchio.

"My dear," said the Squirrel, "what would you have? It is your destiny. For it is written in the

decrees of Providence that all those lazy children who can't endure books, and who pass their time with toys, and games, must finish by becoming donkeys."

"But it's not my fault. It's all Lampwick's fault!"

"Why did you take the advice of that false friend?"

"Because I am a heartless marionette. Oh! If I meet Lampwick, he'd better look out!"

He started to go out of the room, but in the doorway he remembered that he had asses' ears, and he was ashamed to be seen. He took a large cotton cap, and pulled it down over his head.

Then he went out, and began to look for Lampwick. He inquired of every one he met, but no one had seen him.

At last he went to his house and knocked at the door.

After half an hour the door was opened. Imagine Pinocchio's surprise, when he went in, to find that his friend Lampwick wore a great cotton cap. At that sight Pinocchio was somewhat consoled, and he said to himself:

"Can it be that he, too, has the donkey fever?"

But he pretended not to notice anything, and said with a smile:

"How are you, my dear Lampwick?"

"Very well, indeed."

"Pardon me, but why then do you wear that cap that covers your ears?"

"The doctor prescribed it, because I have hurt my knee. And why do you wear that cap?"

"The doctor prescribed it, because I bruised my shin."

"Oh! poor Pinocchio!"

"Oh! Poor Lampwick!"

A long silence followed, during which the two friends gazed at each other.

At last the marionette said:

"Dear Lampwick, won't you tell me if you ever had any disease in your ears?"

"Never! And you?"

"Never! Although I have had the earache in one ear this morning."

"Yes, so have I."

"Which ear is it that aches?"

"Both of them. And you?"

"Both of them. Do you suppose it's the same disease?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"Will you let me see your ears?"

"Why not? But first I want to see yours, dear Pinocchio."

"We'll take off our caps at the same time. Agreed?"

"Agreed?"

And Pinocchio began to count: "One! Two! Three!"

At "Three!" they took off their caps, and threw them in the air.

And then something unbelievable happened. When Pinocchio and Lampwick saw that the same misfortune had befallen them both, instead of feeling ashamed, they began to wag their long ears and laugh at each other.

But suddenly Lampwick became silent; he staggered and turned pale and exclaimed:

"Help, help, Pinocchio!"

"What is the matter?"

"Alas! I can't stand up straight."

"Neither can I," cried Pinocchio, stumbling.

While they were speaking they went down on all fours, and began to run around the room on their hands and feet. As they ran their arms became legs, their faces grew longer, and became muzzles, and their backs were covered with light grey hair.

But the most terrible moment was when they felt their tails sprouting. Overcome then by shame and sorrow, they began to weep and lament over their unhappy fate.

Oh, if they had only been silent! Instead of groans, they brayed like donkeys. "Hee-haw!"

Meanwhile there was a knock at the door, and a voice cried: "Open the door! I am the little man, the driver of the stage-coach."

## 26.—A REAL DONKEY

SEEING that they did not open the door, the little man kicked it open and said:

"Hurrah for you! You brayed very well; I recognised you at once."

At first the little man stroked and patted them; then drawing forth a curry comb, he curried them well. He bridled them, and took them to the market.

Lampwick was bought by a farmer whose donkey had died the day before; and Pinocchio was sold to the Ringmaster of a company of clowns and rope-walkers, who intended to teach him to jump and dance.

When Pinocchio was led into the stable, his new master filled his manger with straw, but Pinocchio spat it out after he had tasted it.

Then his master, grumbling, filled the manger with hay, but Pinocchio did not like that either.

"Ah! You don't even like hay?" cried his master angrily. "Leave it to me, my fine donkey, I know how to cure you!"

And as a beginning he struck his legs with his whip.

The pain made Pinocchio cry, and bray: "Hee-haw! I can't digest straw!"

"Then eat hay!" replied his master.

"Hee-haw! Hay gives me the stomach-ache!"

"Do you think that I am going to feed a donkey

like you on chicken breasts and capon cutlets?" said his master, and he gave him another cut with the whip.

After this second slash Pinocchio thought it would be wiser to keep quiet. The stable door was shut, and Pinocchio was left alone. At last he resigned himself to eat a little hay, and after chewing it a long time, he shut his eyes and swallowed it. Then he tried a mouthful of chopped straw.

"Patience!" he said again. "At least my misfortune may serve as a lesson to disobedient children who hate to study. Patience!"

"Patience, my hat!" shouted his master, who came into the stable at that moment. "Do you imagine that I bought you just to feed you? I bought you to work. Come into the Circus, and I'll teach you to jump through a hoop, and to waltz and polka."

So poor Pinocchio had to learn all these fine tricks; but it took him three months.

At last the day came when his master announced a really wonderful show. You may take my word for it that the theatre was full an hour before the performance.

The applause became a veritable tempest at the appearance of the Little Donkey Pinocchio in the middle of the ring. He had a new bridle of shiny leather, with buckles and studs of brass, and a white camellia behind each ear. His mane was

divided into tiny curls, and his tail was braided with red and blue velvet ribbons.

The Ringmaster made a low bow, and then, turning to Pinocchio, he exclaimed:

"Come, Pinocchio, salute the audience."

Pinocchio obediently bent his forelegs, and remained kneeling until the Ringmaster cracked his whip and cried: "Walk!"

Then the little donkey got up and went round the ring. After a bit the Ringmaster cried:

"Trot!" Pinocchio obeyed the command.

"Gallop!"—and Pinocchio broke into a gallop.

"Run!"—and Pinocchio ran with all his might. Suddenly the Ringmaster raised his arm in the air and fired off a pistol.

At that the donkey pretended to be wounded, and fell down in the ring as if he were dead.

He rose up amid shouts of applause. He lifted his head to look up at the people, and there he saw, in one of the boxes, a lovely lady wearing a heavy gold chain round her neck, from which hung a medallion. On the medallion was the portrait of a marionette.

"That is my portrait! . . . That lady is the Fairy!" said Pinocchio to himself, recognising her immediately; and he was so overcome with joy that he tried to cry out: "Oh, my dear Fairy!"

But instead of these words there issued forth from his throat "Hee-haw!" so long and loud that all the spectators laughed.

But what was his despair when, turning to look at the box a second time, he saw that it was empty—the Fairy had disappeared!

He thought he was going to die; his eyes filled with tears and he began to weep bitterly. However, no one noticed it, least of all the Ringmaster who cracked his whip and cried: "Bravo, Pinocchio! Now show these ladies and gentlemen how gracefully you can jump through the hoops."

Pinocchio tried two or three times; but every time he came up to the hoop he found it easier to run under it. At last he leaped through it, but his hind legs caught in the hoop, and he fell heavily to the ground.

When he got up he was lame, and could hardly walk back to the stable.

When the animal doctor saw him, he declared that he would be lame for the rest of his life.

Then the Ringmaster said to his stable boy:

"What can I do with a lame donkey? I would have to feed him for nothing. Take him to market and sell him."

As soon as they arrived at the market they found a purchaser who inquired:

"How much do you want for this lame donkey?"

"Five pounds."

"I will give you fivepence. I see he has a very hard skin, and I want to make a drum for the town band."

As soon as the fivepence was paid, his new owner led the little donkey to a rock by the sea, tied a stone around his neck, and a long rope to one leg. Then he suddenly gave him a push and he fell into the water.

Pinocchio went straight to the bottom; and his owner, holding tight to the rope, sat down on the rock to wait until he was drowned, so that he could skin him.

### 27.—A MARIONETTE AGAIN

WHEN the little donkey had been under water nearly an hour, his new owner said to himself:

"That donkey must surely be drowned by this time!"

He began to pull in the rope. He pulled, and pulled, and at last there appeared on the surface . . . can you guess? Instead of a dead donkey, there was a live marionette.

The poor man thought he must be dreaming. When he had come to himself a little he said:

"Where is the little donkey?"

"I'm the little donkey!" replied the marionette.

"But how can it be that you, who were a little donkey a few minutes ago, have now become a marionette?"

"It must be the effect of the sea water."

"Be careful, marionette! Don't try to play any jokes on me!"

"Well, master, do you want to hear my true story? If you will take this rope off my leg, I will tell it to you."

The good man was very curious to hear his story, so he quickly untied the rope on his leg. Then Pinocchio, free as a bird once more, told his story.

"A fig for your story!" cried the man in a rage. "I have paid fivepence for you, and I want my money back! I will take you back to the market and sell you for firewood."

"Sell me if you want to; I wouldn't mind," said Pinocchio.

But as he spoke he jumped as far as he could, and came down with a splash in the sea; and as he swam gaily away he cried to the poor man:

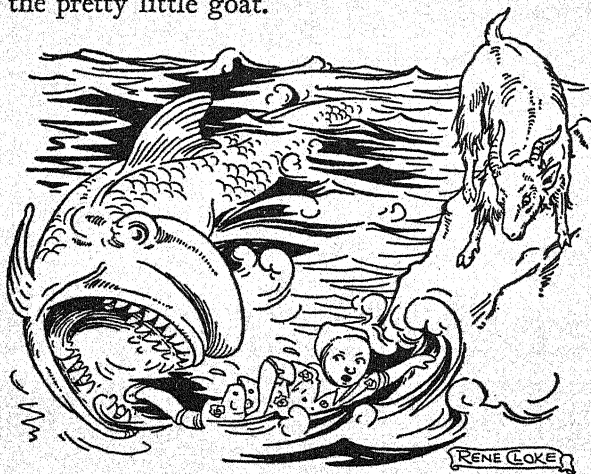
"Good-bye, master, when you want a skin to make a drum, remember me."

He was swimming without any idea as to where he was going when he saw a rock which looked like white marble. On the top a little goat was bleating and beckoning to him. The goat's fleece was a bright blue that reminded him of the hair of that lovely child of long ago.

Oh, how Pinocchio's heart began to beat! He swam towards the rock. He was already half-way there, when what should he see, rushing towards him but a sea monster, with its mouth wide open, showing three rows of teeth that would have frightened any one.

It was no other than that gigantic Shark, which has been mentioned more than once in this story. Poor Pinocchio tried to dodge him, but that immense wide-open mouth came right after him, as swift as an arrow.

"Hurry, Pinocchio, for mercy's sake!" bleated the pretty little goat.



*"Hurry, Pinocchio, for mercy's sake."*

Pinocchio swam faster than ever. He was close to the rock, and the little goat was leaning out over the sea, and holding out her front hoofs to help him out of the water! . . .

But it was too late! The monster had reached him, and drawing in his breath, he swallowed him, and Pinocchio struck so hard against the

monster's inside, that he was stunned for a quarter of an hour.

When he came to himself he could not have told where he was. All around him there was a great darkness.

At first Pinocchio tried to pluck up a little courage; but when he was perfectly sure that he was imprisoned in the Shark's body he began to weep and wail, saying:

"Help! Help! Oh, poor me! Will no one come and save me?"

"Who could save you, miserable wretch?" said a voice in the darkness.

"Who is speaking here?" asked Pinocchio.

"I'm a poor Tunny, who was swallowed with you."

"Is he very big, this Shark that has swallowed us?"

"His body is more than half a mile long."

While they were talking in the darkness, it seemed to Pinocchio that he saw a gleam of light.

"Whatever can that little light be?" asked Pinocchio.

"It's probably one of our companions in distress who, like us, is waiting to be digested."

"I'm going to find him. Mightn't it be some old fish who could tell us how to escape from this place?"

"I hope it may be, dear marionette."

"Good-bye, Tunny."

"Good-bye, marionette, good luck to you."

As soon as Pinocchio had said good-bye to the Tunny, he began to feel his way in the darkness inside the Shark's body.

The farther he went the more distinctly he could see that little light. At last, when he reached it, what did he find? He found a little table all set, with a lighted candle stuck in a glass bottle, and sitting at the table there was an old man. He was eating some live fish.

At the sight poor Pinocchio felt such a sudden rush of joy that he came within an inch of fainting away. At last he managed to utter a cry of joy, and opening his arms wide, he threw them around the old man's neck, shouting:

"Oh, Daddy! Have I found you at last?"

"So my eyes do not deceive me?" said the old man. "Are you really my dear Pinocchio?"

"Yes, yes, it's really, truly me! You haven't forgotten me, have you? How long have you been shut up in here?" asked Pinocchio.

"Two years, my Pinocchio, that have seemed like two centuries!"

"How have you managed to live here?"

"I will tell you the whole story. In that same tempest which overturned my boat, a merchant ship was also sunk. The sailors were all saved, but the ship was wrecked. The Shark had an excellent appetite that day, and after he had swallowed me, he swallowed the ship, too."

"What! Did he swallow it in one mouthful?"

"All in one mouthful. Luckily for me, the ship was laden with cans of preserved meat, and biscuits, and bottles of wine, and dried grapes, and cheese, and coffee, and sugar, and candles, and matches. With all these supplies I have been able to live for two years, but now I am at the end of everything."

"Then, Daddy," said Pinocchio, "there is no time to be lost. Let us try to find a way of escape."

"To escape . . . but how?"

"We can escape by way of the Shark's mouth; throw ourselves into the sea, and swim for the shore."

"That sounds very fine, but I can't swim."

"That doesn't matter. I am a good swimmer. You can get on my back."

"It is useless, my boy," replied Geppetto. "Do you think it possible that a marionette like you would be strong enough to swim with me on his back?"

"Try me, and you will see!"

Without any more words, Pinocchio took the candle, and going ahead to show the way he said to his father: "Follow me, and don't be afraid."

They travelled like this for some time, all through the body and the stomach of the Shark. When they came to his great throat they stopped to look around, and seize the right moment for their flight.

Now the Shark was very old, and since he was a great sufferer from asthma, he had to sleep with his mouth open; so when Pinocchio came to his throat and looked upwards, he could see a broad band of starry sky.

Pinocchio took his father by the hand, and they went up the monster's throat, walked along his tongue, and climbed over the rows of teeth. Before jumping into the sea the marionette said to his father:

"Now get on my back, and hang on tight."

As soon as Geppetto was settled on his back, Pinocchio jumped into the water and began to swim.

## 28.—A REAL BOY AT LAST

WHILE Pinocchio was swimming for the shore as fast as he could, he noticed that his father, who was sitting on his back with his legs in the water, was shivering violently. Poor Pinocchio pretended to be cheerful, but he was beginning to feel discouraged. He swam until his breath failed him; then he turned to his father and said:

"Daddy, help me . . . I am dying!"

Father and son were about to drown together, when a voice said: "Who is it that's dying?"

"It's me and my poor father!"

"I recognise that voice! You are Pinocchio!"

"Precisely: and you?"

"I am the Tunny, your companion in the Shark's body."

"How did you escape?"

"I followed your example."

"Dear Tunny, you have come just in time! I beg you to help us, or we are lost."

"Willingly! Take hold of my tail, and let me tow you."

You may be sure that Geppetto and Pinocchio accepted the invitation instantly. Arrived at the beach, Pinocchio jumped down first, and then helped his father to do the same. The Tunny dived under the water and disappeared.

Pinocchio gave his arm to Geppetto, who was so weak that he could scarcely stand, and said:

"Lean on me, dear Daddy, and let us go."

"And where shall we go?" inquired Geppetto.

"We will look for a house where we can ask for a bit of bread, and a little straw for a bed."

So saying, Pinocchio and Geppetto went on their way, but they had gone only a hundred steps when they saw a pretty little cottage made of straw, with a roof of bricks and tiles.

"Someone must live in that cottage," said Pinocchio. "Let us rap at the door."

"Who is it?" said a tiny voice inside.

"A poor father and his son, without bread and without a home," replied the marionette.

"Turn the key and the door will open," said the little voice.

Pinocchio turned the key and the door flew open. They went in and looked all around, but they saw no one.

"Where can the man of the house be?" said Pinocchio in astonishment.

"Here I am, up here."

Father and son looked up at the ceiling, and there on a cross-beam was the Talking Cricket.

"Oh, my dear Cricket," said Pinocchio.

"So I am your 'dear Cricket' now, am I? Do you remember when you drove me from your house by throwing a mallet at me?"

"You are right, Cricket, and I will remember your lesson. But how did you manage to buy this pretty cottage?"

"This cottage was given to me yesterday, by a fine goat with beautiful blue hair."

"What has become of the goat?"

"I don't know."

"When will she return?"

"She will never return. She went away yesterday, very sad, and bleating as if to say: 'Poor Pinocchio! The Shark must have devoured him.'

"Did she say that? It must have been the Fairy," shouted Pinocchio, sobbing bitterly.

When he had had a good cry, he wiped his eyes and made up a comfortable bed of straw for old Geppetto. Then he said to the Talking Cricket:

"Tell me, Cricket, where can I get a cup of milk for my poor father?"

"Giangio, the gardener, lives three fields from here. If you go there you can get some milk."

Pinocchio ran all the way to Giangio's house; but the gardener said: "How much milk do you want?"

"I want a cupful."

"A cup of milk costs a penny. First give me the penny."

"I haven't even a farthing," replied Pinocchio.

"That's too bad," replied the gardener. "If you haven't even a farthing, neither have I a drop of milk."

"Patience!" said Pinocchio, and he turned to go.

"Wait a minute," said Giangio, "perhaps we can make a bargain. Will you turn the windlass for me?"

"I will try."

"Well, if you will draw a hundred buckets of water, I will give you a cup of milk."

"All right."

Giangio took the marionette into the orchard and showed him how to turn the windlass. Pinocchio set to work at once, but before he had drawn the hundred buckets of water he was dripping with sweat from head to foot.

From that day onward, for more than five months, he rose before daybreak every morning and turned the windlass, in order to earn the cup of milk that was so good for his father. And not content with this, he learned in his spare time to

weave panniers and baskets of reeds. These he sold for enough to pay all their expenses.

Every evening he practised reading and writing.

In fact, by reason of his willingness to work, his father, whose health was still very poor, was able to live quite comfortably. He was even able to save two shillings, to buy himself a new suit.

One morning he said to his father:

"I'm going to market to-day, to buy myself a new jacket and cap and a pair of shoes. When I return," he added, laughing, "I shall be so fine that you will mistake me for a grand gentleman."

He felt perfectly happy as he ran along. Suddenly he heard someone calling him; he turned and saw a fine snail crawling out of the hedge.

"Don't you recognise me?" said the Snail. "Don't you remember that Snail who was the blue-haired Fairy's chambermaid?"

"I remember everything!" cried Pinocchio. "Tell me quickly, kind Snail, where did you leave my good Fairy?"

"My dear Pinocchio, the poor Fairy lies in bed in a hospital."

"In a hospital?"

"It's only too true. Overcome by a thousand disasters, she is very ill, and she has no money.

"Oh, what dreadful news! If I had a million pounds, I would give them to her; but I have only two shillings . . . here they are; I was just going to buy myself a new suit. Take them,

Snail, and carry them quickly to the kind Fairy."

"But your new suit?"

"What do I care for a new suit! I would even sell these rags I wear if it would help her."

The Snail, contrary to her custom, began to run like a lizard in summer.

When Pinocchio returned his father inquired:

"Where is your new suit?"

"I couldn't find one that fitted me."

That evening, Pinocchio worked until the clock struck twelve; and instead of making eight baskets, he made sixteen.

Then he went to bed and fell asleep. As he slept he dreamed that he saw the Fairy, lovely and smiling, who gave him a kiss, saying:

"Bravo, Pinocchio! In return for your generosity, I forgive you all your past escapades."

Then the dream ended, and Pinocchio awoke.

You can imagine how astonished he was when he saw that he was no longer a marionette, but a real boy. He looked around, but instead of the straw walls of the cottage, he saw a pretty little room simply but beautifully furnished. He jumped out of bed, and found a lovely new suit.

As soon as he was dressed, he naturally put his hands in his pockets, and what did he find there but a little ivory purse on which these words were written:

"The blue-haired Fairy returns Pinocchio's two shillings, and thanks him for his generosity." He

opened the purse, and instead of two silver shillings, there were twenty gold pieces.

Then he went to look in the mirror, but he did not recognise himself. He no longer saw the usual image of a wooden marionette, but the intelligent features of a fine boy.

In the midst of all these wonders coming one after the other, Pinocchio no longer knew whether he was really awake or asleep with his eyes open.

"And my father, where is he?" he cried suddenly. He went into the next room, where he saw old Geppetto, well, and lively, and good-natured, just as he was before. He had taken up again his old art of wood-carving.

"Daddy, explain this to me: What is the meaning of this sudden change?" asked Pinocchio.

"This sudden change in our circumstances is all owing to you," replied Geppetto.

"Why is it owing to me?"

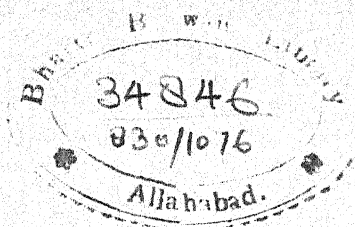
"Because when children who were naughty become good, it gives a new and smiling appearance to the whole family."

"And the old wooden Pinocchio, where is he?"

"There he is," replied Geppetto, pointing to a large marionette that was leaning against a chair.

Pinocchio turned and looked at him for a little while, and then said to himself contentedly:

"How ridiculous I was when I was a marionette! And how glad I am that I have become a real boy!"



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